A NEW

Dramatic Entertainment

Called the

ROYAL CHACE;

OR,

MERLIN's CAVE.

With ſeveral new COMIC SCENES of Action

Introduced into the

Groteſque Pantomime

OF

JUPITER *and* EUROPA.

As it is Performed

At the THEATRE ROYAL in *Covent-Garden.*

The Words in the Scenes of the *Hermitage* and *Merlin's Cave* by Mr. *PHILLIPS.*

——— *A Seat where Gods might dwell,*
Or wander with Delight, and love to haunt
Her ſacred Shades. MILTON, Book 7.

Solitude ſometimes is beſt Society. MILT. Book 9.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by T. WOOD in *Little-Britain*, and at the Theatre in *Covent-Garden*, M DCCXXXVI.

[Price Six-pence.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

DRAMA.

A Royal Chaſſeur, — Mr. *Beard.*

A Royal Huntreſs, *in the Character of* DIANA, } Miſs *Hylliard.*

MERLIN, *the* Britiſh *Enchanter*, Mr. *Leveridge*

Aerial Spirits, *in the following Characters*;

CUPID, — — — Mr. *Glover.*

PSHYCHE, — — Miſs *Rogers.*

The Graces, — — { Miſs *Norman*
Miſs *Sandham*
Mrs. *Delorme*

The Hour, — — Mrs. *Ogden.*

Zephyrs, — — { Mr. *Tench.*
Mr. *Deſſé.*
Mr. *Livier.*
Mr. *Delagard*

A Rural Swain, — — Mr. *Lally.*

A Rural Nymph, — Mad. *D' Hervigny*

JUPITE

JUPITER (*in the Character of* Harlequin)		Mr. *Lun.*
MERCURY,		Mr. *Stoppelaer.*
PLUTO,	In the Characters of Punch,	Mr. *Delagarde.*
NEPTUNE,	Pantaloon,	Mr. *Dupre.*
PAN,	Scaramouch,	Mr. *Richardſon.*
HERCULES,	Brigella,	Mr. *Deſſé.*
APOLLO,	Mezzetin,	Mr. *Glover.*
MARS,	Leander,	Mr. *Tench.*
EUROPA,		Miſs *Rogers.*
The Doctor,		Mr *Nivelon.*
Doctor's Wife,		Mrs. *Stevens.*
Pierrot, *Servant to the Doctor,*		Mr. *Lalaaze.*

Huntſmen, Attendants on the Chaſſeur.

Nymphs, Attendants on *Diana.*

Followers of *Europa.*

Several Villagers, *&c.*

SCENE. Richmond *Gardens, and Places adjacent.*

THE ROYAL CHACE; OR, *MERLIN's* CAVE.

SCENE I.

A View of the Hermitage *in the Royal Gardens at* Richmond.

Enter a Chasseur-Royal, *with Attendants.*

THE Rosie Morn, with Golden Tresses crown'd,
Now leaves her gay Pavillion in the Skies,
To usher in the Sun: Before his Steps

She

She ſtrews the glitt'ring Dew-Drops o'er the Ground,
That pave, like ſparking Gems, his radiant Way:
The Hunter-Horſe breaths hard, and neighs aloud,
And ſnuffs the Air, and paws the ſounding Earth;
The op'ning Hound exalts, all Nature's pleas'd,
And every Object to the Chace invites;
But moſt theſe Shades, where oft in ſilent Night,
Phebe her kindeſt Influence ſheds,
And feeds the Mind with Thoughts contemplative,
As oft ſhe wakes *Aurora*, with her cheerful Cries,
And early Summons, to the harmonious Chace.

AIR.

With early Horn
Salute the Morn,
That gilds this charming Place:
With cheerful Cries
Bid *Echo* riſe,
And join the jovial Chace.

The vocal Hills around,
The waving Woods,
The cryſtal Floods,
All return th' enliv'ning Sound.

[*Exeunt.*

FIRST COMIC.

SCENE II.

An Assembly of the Gods, to wait the coming of JUPITER *upon Earth.*

MERCURY *descends.*

MERCURY.

'TIS well, my Brother Gods,
'Tis well this Diligence you show:
Behold, thro' Realms of yielding Air,
Our Master makes his Tour below;
The soft Intrigues of mighty *Jove*
Let Mortals cease to blame,
With Pride he bows to mightier Love,
To court the beauteous Dame.

Europa

Europa calls th' enamour'd God;
Europa's Beauties are his Wings,
On which he cuts th' Ethereal Road,
And to a Heav'n, more pleasing
Than his own, he springs.

AIR.

What Scenes of approaching Delight
Swell the warm Bosom of *Jove*!
What Love does for ever invite,
More than all he leaves Above!
Heavenly Rover, happy Lover,
When caressing,
Then possessing,
More than all he leaves Above.

[*Exeunt.*

[Comic *continued.*]

SCENE III.

Changes to a Hall.

A Company of Country Lads and Laſſes making merry.

I.

COME, Neighbours, now we've made our Hay,
The Sun in haſte
Drives to the Weſt,
With Sports, with Sports, conclude the Day:

Let every Man chooſe out his Laſs,
And then ſalute her on the Graſs;
And when you find
She's coming kind,
Let not that Moment paſs.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Then we'll toss off our Bowls
With true Love and Honour,
To all kind loving Girls,
And the Lord of the Manor.

II.

At Night when in the Hall we're sat,
With good brown Bowls
To cheer our Souls,
And raise, and raise a merry Chat.

When Blood grows warm, and Love runs high,
And Jokes about the Table fly,
Then we retreat,
And that repeat,
Which all would gladly try.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

Then we'll toss off our Bowls,
With true Love and Honour,
To all kind loving Girls,
And the Lord of the Manor.

III.

Let lazy Great Ones of the Town,
Drink Night away,
And sleep all Day,
Till Gouty, Gouty they are grown.

Our daily Works such Vigour give,
That Nightly Sports we oft revive;
And kiss our Dames
With stronger Flames
Than any Prince alive.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Then we'll toss off our Bowls,
With true Love and Honour,
To all kind loving Girls,
And the Lord of the Manor.

[*Exeunt.*

[Comic *continued.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

MERLIN's Cave.

MERLIN.

O Solitude! O pleaſing Solitude!
Here Contemplation holds her ſacred Seat;
And to her ſtudious Sons the Knowledge deep,
Of Nature's Laws unfolds! Here with Content,
And Converſe ſweet with Sages of old Time,
Merlin hath many a creeping Winterpaſt,
With Joys to Luxury and Power unknown:

Till

Till Wiſdom pleas'd, at length has crown'd
His Toil
With ſweet Prophetick Strain.

[*The Sound of* French-*Horns is heard.*

But hark! what Sound
Diſturbs the awful Silence of my Cell?

[French-*Horns continue, and* DIANA *enters with her Followers.*

Enter DIANA.

MERLIN.

O Virgin Goddeſs of theſe Shades, accept,
After the toilſome Paſtime of the Chace,
Refreſhment from an old, but honeſt Heart,
And with thy Preſence grace my humble Cell.

DIANA.

Merlin, Thy honeſt Offer I accept
With thankful Pleaſure.

MERLIN.

Merlin's Art ſhall try
To cheer thy Spirits, wearied with the Chace.

[Merlin *waves his Wand, and diſcovers the Inſide of the* Cave.

AIR.

AIR.

Appear, ye pleaſing Shapes appear,
With all your Arts the Goddeſs cheer;
And fill her with Delight:
In Antick Viſion round her play,
In Chace fantaſtick light and gay,
And charm her raviſh'd Sight.

[*Enter the Graces and the Hour, bringing in* Cupid, *followed by the Zephyrs, bearing in* Pſhyche, *&c. as Aerial Spirits, who expreſs their Love and Honour to* DIANA.

[*The* DANCE *ended, they diſappear.*

DIANA *riſes.*

Good *Merlin*, Thanks, ſuch as thy Art deſerves,
And fits a Goddeſs to beſtow, receive:——
—— No more. —— I'm ſummon'd to my nightly Sphere.

MERLIN.

This Courteſy, this Honour done my Cell,
With Pleaſure I acknowledge. Ne'er before
Cou'd this my humble Roof the Preſence boaſt
Of ſuch Divinity, nor ever ſhall,
Till *Pallas*, like a *Britiſh* Queen, deſcend,
And her great Mind from Toils of Empire here unbend.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The Comic SCENE *continued.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Sound of French-*Horns is heard, as at the Death of the Stag; after which* ENDYMION *enters with Attendants.*

ENDYMION.

THE glorious Chace is o'er—— the well breath'd Hounds,
Who clofely o'er the tainted Dews purſu'd
The fainting Stag, now round their noble Prey
All op'ning ſtand, and triumph in his Fall;
While tuneful Horns reſponding to their Cries,
Make up the *Sylvan* Conſort.

AIR.

AIR.

How pleaſing we find the gay Sports of the Field!
While thro' the Vales we are bounding,
The Hills our Cries reſounding,
The muſical Chace all its Pleaſure does yield.
How delightful the Pauſe when the Stag ſtood at Bay!
But when his Flight renewing,
Again we were purſuing,
'Till we crown'd with Succeſs the Sports and the Day!

[Comic *Scene continued.*]

SCENE

SCENE *the laſt.*

A Cloud deſcends, and takes up JUPITER; *then breaking, diſcovers* JUPITER *and the reſt of the Heathen Gods, who ſing the following*

CHORUS.

Hah, hah, hah, hah, — whilſt thus we Laugh,
Go Home in Peace, and Sing and Quaff.

DUET.

Nor mind theſe Slips, not of one Farthing,
But make the beſt of a bad Bargain.

CHORUS.

Hah, hah, hah, hah, — whilſt thus we Laugh,
Go Home in Peace, and Sing and Quaff.

AIR.

AIR.

I.

This great World is a Trouble,
Where all must their Fortune bear;
Make the most of the Bubble,
You'll have but a Neighbour's Fare.
Let not Jealousy teaze ye,
Think of nought but to please ye;
What's past is but in vain,
To wish for the Time again.

II.

When dull Cares do attack ye,
Drinking will those Clouds repel;
Four good Bottles will make ye
Happy, — they seldom fail.
If a Fifth shou'd be wanted,
Ask the Gods, 'twill be granted;
Then you'll easy obtain
A Remedy for all Pain.

CHORUS.

Hah, hah, hah, hah, —whilst thus we Laugh,
Go Home in Peace, and Sing and Quaff.

FINIS.